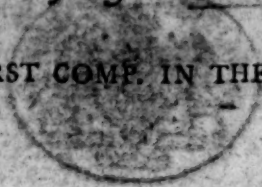


11622. 22 3
T-6

THE
LOYAL
SONGSTER,

Dedicated to the
BIRMINGHAM LOYAL ASSOCIATED
CORPS OF INFANTRY:

By J. TYE,
OF THE FIRST COMP. IN THE ABOVE CORPS.



BIRMINGHAM:

Printed (for the Author) at E. JONES'S Printing-Office,
in Bull Street, 1799.

(Price One Shilling.)



To the PUBLIC.

CUSTOM has so far influenced the mind, that it would be thought strange, if a publication of any description was brought forward without some kind of *preface*; not willing to appear singular, have adopted the general plan. Until very lately I had no idea of putting the following *Songs* to press, conscious of inability to bear the eye of *Critics*: But, from a desire to oblige many respectable *friends*, who have expressed a desire to see them in print, I have ventured to lay them before the *public*, with no other *recommendation* than *novelty* and *loyalty*.

On the *candour* of my *friends* I place my *reliance*, hoping they will excuse every *imperfection*.

To the Corps at large.

HAVING the honor to belong to The *Birmingham Loyal associated Corps of Infantry*, I have felt a pride in promoting unanimity and good order in the above corps, as far as lay in my power; some of the following *songs* will serve to prove the assertion.

As they are all *loyal*, I wished to dedicate them to the real friends of my country, and such I consider every *volunteer Corps* in the Kingdom; I look up to them as the secondary bulwark of the nation, and have the fullest confidence that good order will be preserved as long as Gentlemen maintain so noble a cause, which may ever be the case, is the sincere wish of

Your devoted humble Servant,

J. T Y E.

ORIGINAL SONGS.

A NEW SONG,

*Called, The French Expedition to Bantry Bay,
December, 1796.*

Tune, "The Hardy Tar."

GREAT expectations t'other day,
Had France from their grand fleet, fir,
Yet soon as they were out at sea,
One sunk beneath the deep, fir;
Though sixteen hundred souls on board,
Were all immers'd together,—
Yet Frenchmen strove for Paddy's hoard,
In spite of stormy weather.

CHORUS.

But Neptune then the wat'ry god,
Observing their intrusion,
And winds obsequious to his nod,
Blew terror and confusion.

A

II.

Still Ireland they much wish'd to see,
 All flush'd with this persuasion,
 That every man enrich'd would be
 By this well plann'd invasion;
 But Neptune's triton here they found,
 And winds that roar'd like thunder;
 With disappointment they were crown'd,
 And lost the wish'd for plunder.

For Neptune then, &c.

III.

Some scatter'd ships this coast drew near,
 The sight poor Teague afrighted;
 Instead of mirth and Christmas cheer,
 His fears all pleasures blighted;
 Here mirth gave way to wars alarms,
 Which like a wild-fire run, fir,
 And all were told to carry arms,
 That could support a gun, fir.

But Neptune then the wat'ry god,
 Observing French intrusion, &c.

IV.

Hibernia's sons soon shook off fear,
 For rich and poor together,
 Undaunted march'd to meet Monsieur,
 To drive them from their tether;
 Distinction there was laid aside,
 And Gratton join'd the forces,
 Resolv'd to punish Gallic pride,
 That plunders for resources.

Old Neptune then, &c.

v.

The fleet that caus'd this call from rest,
 Experienc'd separation,
 Was forced back again to Brest,
 Much wanting repairation ;
 Now Paddy's bull, with foaming rage,
 His whole frame keeps in motion,
 Should Frenchmen dare him to engage,
 He'll toss them to the ocean.

May Neptune still the wat'ry god,
 Watch over French intrusion, &c.

vi.

May Britons one and all unite,
 And strive our foes to humble ;
 May they, when next prepar'd to fight,
 On rough misfortune stumble ;
 Should they once land on Albion's shore,
 'Twould rouse the British Lion,
 Nor would they ever do much more
 Than bite the dust they'd die on.

CHORUS.

Instead of this—rude war begone,
 And with it all resentment ;
 May ev'ry man strive to mend one,
 And each breast feel contentment.

(4)

SONG 2.

ALLED, THE GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,
Or the Odds nearly two to one, Feb. 14, 1797.

Tune, " Prince William he stood on the deck, &c."

ALL glorious exploits that tradition can boast,
Brave Jervis eclips'd when near the Dons
coast ;
Supported by courage, with laurel's he's crown'd,
And his country thanks him for valour renown'd ;
A compliment paid to every ship's crew,
Who have serv'd well their King, and made
Spaniards to rue :
These fav'rites of Neptune have vanquish'd
their foe,
And scrup'lously kept true honor in tow.

CHORUS.

Our tars are not equall'd when serch'd the
world round,
Give them walls made of wood—they'll protect
Briton's ground.

II.

The grand fleet of Spain, though near double
our force,
Did Jervis pursue when inform'd of its course ;
On valentine's morn he did them descry,
Resolv'd to engage,—to conquer or die ;
With ships but fifteen,—the Dons twenty-seven,
Which he gallantly clos'd with soon after eleven,
And passing their ships he then tack'd is his word,
Divided their fleet and made useless one third.

Our tars, &c.

III.

In a moment so precious has Jervis describ'd,
 On his tars and experience he firmly rely'd;
 Like Tygers who rush when in sight of their prey,
 Like Lions were bold, nor could aught them
 dismay:
 They fiercely engag'd, and withstood the grand
 shock,
 From ships large as castles, yet were firm as a rock,
 Their guns all well pointed, destruction they
 hurl'd,
 Which humbl'd the Dons, and surpriz'd all the
 worl'd.

Our tars, &c.

IV.

Their grand naval saviour not us'd to rough
 play,
 Was attack'd by a Lion, so call'd on that day;
 He's fierce as a Wolfe,—no foe can him tame,
 But for Briton's he'll fight, who delight in his
 name;
 'Tis Nelson the brave who courts cannon noise,
 He boarded his foe, and made her his prize;
 Three saints* we have taken, such success did
 we meet,
 They're now with their saviour in Jervis's fleet,
 Now govern'd by Britons, they'll fight against
 Spain,
 And to atoms be blown e're they'll change sides
 again.

* Names of ships taken,---San Nicolas, San Josef,
 San Ysidro, and Salvado de Mundo.

SONG 3.

*Called, The dissatisfied Knight, or the Expedition
to Warwick, in flat-bottom'd Boats, April, 1797.*

Tune, "Ye Warwickshire Lads and ye Lasses."

NOW statesmen are envy'd their station,
And murmurs creep into the nation;
Though times somewhat hard, why make such
a rout,
And say they'll not mend 'till Pit is turn'd out?
Bring this about, with ardour they shout,
Sure nothing they'd stick at to turn Billy out.

II.

The monster Cerberus some call him,
Using every method to gall him;
They say he's not fit to guard Pluto's gate,
For old Nick like themselves would soon Billy
hate;
In this way they prate, about men of the state,
If Pit is turn'd out 'twill their spirits elate.

III.

Stern prejudice men's minds will mislead,
A proof in a Knight and a Greathead;
When men were engaged against Pit to vote,
And to Warwick convey'd were by crouds in
a boat,
From hence set a float, in an open coal boat,
And to Warwick convey'd against Pit to vote.

IV.

To him, why shew all this rancour ?
 Who in honor's port strives to cast anchor ;
 A spot he may have, yet blemishes few,
 But spots you would find in ministers new ;
 Give Pit then his due—to his King he is true,
 But spots you will find in ministers new.

V.

No man is more fit for his station,
 Than Pit, if you search the whole nation ;
 Opposition will snarl and make a wry face,
 Yet the same thing he'd do were he in Pit's place,
 All this is grimace to get a good place,
 For the same thing he'd do were he in Pit's place.

VI.

He who caus'd us of victory to lack, fir,
 Put the saddle of blame on his back, fir,
 If wrong its apply'd, it can't easy fit,
 On Prussia's King put it, and not upon Pit ;
 Your prejudice quit, to judge right its fit,
 On Prussia's King put it, and not upon Pit.

VII.

By land though the French are victorious,
 At sea we gain vict'rys more glorious ;
 Earl Howe drubb'd the French, the Dons Jervis
 beat,
 And a Scots pill has caus'd the Dutchman's
 defeat ;
 From Duncan the great, whose vict'rys complete,
 And a Scots pill has caus'd the Dutchman's
 defeat.

From hence set aside all resentment,
 And strive each to find out contentment ;
 Your own faults to mend, be careful to try,
 That your sight may be clear, pull the beam from
 your eye ;
 This done you will cry, on envy look shy,
 And strive in your own avocation to pry.

SONG 4.

*Called, The Overthrow of the Dutch Fleet,
 November, 1797.*

Tune, " Queen Befs."

SOON as fortune to Holland had sent her
 surley daughter,
 The people exclaim'd, why who the devil
 brought her ?
 We can't her support, tho' we're justly requited,
 *A second time she's come, tho' not once invited ;
 Amphibious Britons are bent on our ruin,
 Our ingratitude to England has prov'd our
 undoing.

II.

Glad tidings her mother hath sent the British
 nation,
 From Duncan, who's had a long tedious station,
 Now blest with success, as fortune tells the story,
 His country is serv'd, himself crown'd with glory :
 Our brave British tars a vict'ry have earn'd,
 And have now given proof they're to duty re-
 turn'd.

* This alludes to the misfortune they met with at
 Saldanhah Bay.

III.

Brave Trollope sent tidings that he'd seen the
 Dutch fleet,
 That Duncan might have a fight, could he with
 the Russell meet;
 This news was receiv'd with general satisfaction,
 Quick their anchors were weigh'd, and all soon
 in action.

Our brave British, &c.

IV.

Our tars, fierce as Tigers, would have no
 denial,
 Nine ships of the line they've taken on trial;
 But so greedy are they for the ships of their
 foe, fir,
 When they take them on trial, they ne'er let
 them go, fir.

Our brave British tars, &c.

V.

Unhappy Mynheers, who have felt revolution,
 Who have barter'd a good, for a bad consti-
 tution:
 Whose seasons are chang'd, for who knows
 what weather,
 As Summer and Winter* are both fled together:
 That once boasted fleet, which to England
 struck terror,
 Is now overthrown, quite for ever and ever.

* The Name of the Dutch Admiral.

VI.

Though dreadful the carnage, the vict'ry,
 how glorious!
 While fam'd British courage becomes more
 notorious:
 Should the French put to sea with the fleet
 they're equipping,
 To alarm Briton's isle, we'll invade all their
 shipping;
 On Briton's brave tars place the firmest reliance,
 Who have bow'd down the pride of the tripple
 alliance.

 SONG 5.

*Called, The agreeable Change; or, Uninimity
 in 1798.*

Tune, "Hark away is the sound of the horn, &c."

MONSIEURS like the frog was once puff'd
 up with pride,
 And the strength of John Bull then they strove
 to divide;
 But honest Old John at their folly still laugh'd,
 Though they threaten'd invasion by means of
 a raft:
 Then rouse was the word, or fair freedom
 you'll blight,
 For Briton's will conquer, if Briton's unite.

(11)

II.

The standard of loyalty then was uprear'd,
The Hydra of faction it soon disappear'd,
The bone of contention was thrown far away,
And union pervades us by land and by sea ;
Still rouse is the word, or fair freedom you'll
 blight,
For Briton's will conquer while thus they unite.

III.

The sun cheer'd the dawn of the year ninety
 eight,
And loyalty shone from the poor to the great ;
This happy effect from union we find,
George rides the bell-horse, whilst his foes
 limp behind :
Still rouse was the word, or fair freedom you'll
 blight,
For Briton's will conquer while thus they unite

IV.

Review with delight now each new-marshall'd
 band,
Each corps that associates to guard freedom's
 land ;
May their zeal for their King and their Country
 increase,
And each Briton be crown'd soon with honor
 and peace :
Still rouse is the word or fair freedom you'll
 blight,
For Briton's will conquer while thus they unite.

SONG 6.

Tune, " Let each jolly boy that follows the plough, &c.
March, 1798.

REMEMBER my townsmen the year ninety-one,
When riot and tumults abounded;
When soldiers on duty elsewhere then was gone,
Whilst the mind was with horror confounded:
Destruction then rear'd up her hedious head,
And firebrands around us was lighted;
When the light-horse appear'd, confusion soon fled,
And her further designs were all blighted.

II.

Now we have light-horsemen and foot of our own,
And men that are loyal and steady;
To serve the town's cause great spirit have shewn,
To protect it we'll ever be ready:
Together we've met, and together we'll act,
Whenever we're call'd into danger;
Our scheme it is good, by justice we're back'd,
To fear then let each be a stranger.

III.

We sons of old Mars when on duty we're found,
Not a word in the ranks shou'd we mention;
Keep silence each one, to catch well the sound
That calls for the soldiers attention:
Make pleasing the sight, by dressing eyes right,
When upright you stand you look bolder,
Fix bayonet quick, there's a slight in this trick,
Prepare next the musket to shoulder.

IV.

On duty intent, now your arms next present,
 Raise the musket and point the left-hand right,
 Though the word's given o'er, the musket now
 lower,

A general salute is a grand sight :
 Whilst soldiers thus stand, our musical band,
 Use their efforts to make the scene charming,
 With God save the King, they make the air ring,
 Whilst loyal men praise us for arming.

V.

In charging of bayonet you first cross the
 breast,
 The musket then lower at arms length ;
 If a foe is before you, with this stand the test,
 When properly held you have much strength ;
 If attending parade, no pains shou'd be spar'd
 To guard well against the next motion ;
 In should'ring again to the left some will strain,
 Avoid it by time's strict devotion.

VI.

Platoon as front rank, prime and load is
 the word,
 Make the motion as one, not like chiming ;
 Open pans, and besure no distinction is hear'd,
 Handle cartouch, and mind well your priming ;
 This done and secured, in charging be steady,
 Exactness is here worth admiring,
 Bring the musket to shoulder, division, make
 ready,
 Present, level well before firing.

VII.

To serve Briton's King let us do all we can,
 Good order to keep is our duty ;
 If put to the test prove true to a man,
 The smiles of the fair is our booty :
 To guard them each Briton is strongly injoin'd,
 Advance then, despising all slander,
 May our corps be for ever with frindship en-
 twin'd,
 And long have a BROOKE as commander.

 SONG 7.

*Occasioned by the handsome TREAT given to the
 Birmingham Loyal Association,*

BY CAPT. FORREST, OF THE 3d COMPANY,

August 28, 1798.

Tune, " Then let us all follow Aristipos's Rules."

A FORREST there is on Briton's fam'd land,
 That marches and halts at the word of
 command ;
 But still in it's turn has command and full sway,
 At it's nod the young Forrests' submissive obey :
 Majestic it's movement,—wherever 'tis found,
 It pleasure diffuses to many around :—
 This Forrest excells both Needwood and Dean,
 The resources that's near it you never can drain.

II.

These liquid resources are potent and good,
 Their virtues are many, if well understood;
 Be cautious—and always be moderate found,
 Lest your cares and your senses together be
 drown'd;
 Each nerve they will brace, if right quantum
 you take,
 Yet bring on disease from a single mistake:—
 This Forrest excells both Needwood and Dean,
 The resources that's near it you never can drain.

III.

This Forrest from Foxes and Reptiles is clear,
 It disdains all deceit—'tis a stranger to fear;
 It's heart now expands—for a heart it contains,
 Where friendship, true worth and loyalty reigns;
 When it's country calls—it with pleasure obeys,
 Then long may it flourish through numerous
 days:—
 This Forrest excells both Needwood and Dean,
 The resources that's near it you never can drain.

IV.

May our British-born Monarch this Forrest
 revere,
 That's stood firm the test through each chequer'd
 year;
 On loyalty's bounds it ne'er did infringe,
 But the old door of friendship it strives to new
 hinge:
 May each rising shoot to it's King stand as fast,
 But ne'er feel the shock of sedition's rude blast:
 Let Briton's from hence to their country cling,
 And our toast be a Peace—with God save the
 King.

SONG 8.

*Called, Admiral Nelson's pursuit of the French
Fleet in the Mediterranean, Sept. 1798.*

Tune, " My Dog and my Gun."

INVASION'S rude sound hath long pierc'd
the ear,
While Gallia strives to convey with it fear;
They threaten to come, but when they won't
say,
That Britain's for all must the piper then pay;
Huge rafts they have made, which will waft
over soon,
All this is as true as the man's in the moon.

II.

There's the army of England, another hum-
bug,
To cloak their designs, and to keep all things
snug;
While a fleet they prepar'd that sail'd from
Toulon,
And all is conjecture about where it's gone;
If for India they're bound, who can reckon
their loss,
While Arabia's desert's they're striving to
cross?

III.

There's dangers before them,—destruction
 behind,
 Turn this way or that, one or to'ther they'll
 find ;
 Their great Buonaparte so successful on land,
 On ocean's wide field now refuses to stand ;
 He who lately so shone, who to fear once was
 blind,
 Now a Briton won't meet though with one hand
 behind*

IV.

Brave Nelson, whose courage has often been
 tried,
 Who dangers and death hath in battle defied,
 If once more he's plac'd along side of his
 foe,
 He'll try the effect of a one-handed blow,
 Should he vict'ry gain, may his toils from thence
 cease,
 And his sails be soon furl'd in the harbour of
 peace.

* This alludes to Admiral Nelson having but one hand.

SONG 9.

In Honor of the brilliant Victory obtained by Admiral Nelson, over the French Fleet, (commanded by Admiral Bruceys) off the Mouth of the Nile, August 1, 1798.

Tune, "Mrs. Calley."

ONCE France great homage paid the Pope,
 Before the revolution,
 Yet him they've banish'd without hope,
 Of gaining restitution :
 Now Rome thy boasted honour's fled,
 And all thy deeds of glory,
 Thy troops but faintly for thee bled,
 Disgrace now tells the story.

Tol lol.

II.

When Rome they'd fleec'd of all her gold,
 And wealth of all descriptions,
 They sail'd to have their fortunes told,
 Amongst the Old Egyptians :
 Now Nelson follow'd close behind,
 Quick rush'd thro' ocean's bubble ;
 In hopes their Buonaparte to find,
 To save him all that trouble.

III.

But Buonaparte with all his troops,
 At Alexandria landed ;
 Where now too late they find they're dupes,
 Their hopes are almost stranded :
 No brandy there, no wine, or oil,
 On Egypt's sands they're burning ;
 In glory's path they trod awhile,
 Now from it they are turning.

IV.

Tune, " Wolf, Arms, and the Man "

Now turn the eye to Nelson brave,
Who fearless seeks the briny wave,
Behold him meet his foe ;
Hark, now the thund'ring canons roar,
Amaz'd they stand on Egypt's shore,
While Nelson strikes the blow.

V.

Hear France her gloomy tale relate,
Twelve sail, besides L'Orient's fate,
That day was fraught with woe ;
When she blew up, the dreadful sound
An awful silence caus'd around
In every friend and foe.

VI.

Appall'd they view'd Britannia's sons,
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
Their fleet they saw subdu'd ;
Now Nelson, Duncan, Vincent, Howe,
While glory's wreath adorns each brow,
Each path's with honour strew'd.

VII.

Tune, " True Blue."

Britannia's sons triumphant reign,
Our naval trophies show,
Our floating castles plough the main,
And batter down each foe.
Then toast these powers that succour yields,
The British tars and wooden shields.

Tol de rol.

SONG 10.

*Called, The Sailor's Description of Admiral Nelson's
Victory off the Nile, October 1798.*

Tune, " The softness of my heart, &c."

COME hear a sailor's story,
In battle oft I've been,
At length am crown'd with glory,
Since Egypt's shores I've seen.
With Neptune's darling there I sail'd,
Our common foe to meet,
Again we British tars prevail'd,
Where Frenchmen lost their fleet.

II.

From lingering expectation
Each mind at length was freed,
At sight of Bruey's station,
Our ships methought lack'd speed :
Our station gain'd each did his best,
To point the fatal gun,
Here British courage stood the test,
From eve till rising sun.

III.

Brave Trowbridge saw the action,
His ship it ran aground,
His mind though all distraction,
Yet he was still fast bound.
This seeming loss work'd for the best,
Since he from land is clear,
He serv'd as pilot to the rest,
And taught them how to steer.

IV.

When Nelson prov'd victorious,
 Soon Fame from Egypt's Nile,
 Resounded deeds so glorious
 To every distant isle.
 Now we with Briton's thanks are crown'd,
 With grateful hearts we'll sing,
 May tars like us be ever found,
 To fight for Briton's King.

 SONG 11.

Called, A Trip to Egypt, Nov. 1798.

Tune, "Hark hark away, away to the Downs."

THE French we know, and Frenchmen's
 Chief,
 To calls of honour are grown deaf,
 Like crafty wolves each vicious mind,
 Still prowls for plunder from mankind;
 In search of prey,
 In herds they stray,
 Their footsteps mark'd all Italy over;
 Where plenty they gain'd,
 Whilst Buonaparte remain'd,
 These French marauders liv'd in clover.

II.

This land being fleec'd they put to sea,
 For Egypt's shore they bore away,
 And Nelson too who likes a jaunt,
 Was sent these Frenchmen's ships to haunt ;
 Here Buonaparte
 On shore did dart,
 Enquiring his fate of some magician ;
 And loon was told,
 That Nelson bold,
 Had put their fleet in requisition.

III.

This plund'ring chief was further told,
 You here are come in search of gold,
 But pray remember Pharaoh's host
 Was overwhelm'd near Egypt's coast ;
 Like him you'll smart,
 With harden'd heart,
 You come the innocent to slaughter ;
 Your plan, tho' great,
 Will meet defeat,
 From Turkish foes who give no quarter.

IV.

The old magician's last advice,
 Was, make your mind up in a trice,
 Thyself and all your plund'ring host,
 Must surely here give up the ghost ;
 With speed indite,
 These truths now write,
 And bid adieu to wives or honies ;
 Tell them indeed
 The fates decreed,
 That you become Egyptian mummies.

v.

How different is brave Nelson's lot,
Fame, wealth, and title he has got,
Tho' lost an hand and sparkling glim,
He still Great Britain's foes can trim ;
 In him we find
 A virtuous mind,
Possess'd of skill and courage undaunted ;
 But mark I pray,
 What Frenchmen say,
De ocean's by such devils haunted.

vi.

Britannia's sons still bear the sway,
Our fleets triumphant plough the sea,
Thrice France, twice Holland, and once Spain,
Have bow'd to Briton's floating train ;
 Still Freedom's land
 Shall firmly stand,
Whilst friendship forms association ;
 Unite and sing,
 May Briton's King,
Long live to rule this happy nation.

SONG 12.

Called, Sedition in the Dumps, May 1799.

Tune, "Old Homer, but what have we, &c."

SEDITION and Treason once caus'd here
alarm,
Then justice call'd loud on good subjects to arm;
Our foes to invade us left no plan untried,
But Briton's look'd round and their danger
espy'd.

II.

The plan then approv'd to espouse Briton's
cause,
To guard freedom's King, it's religion and laws;
Was to arm and to strengthen Britannia's shield,
Now put in full force, support we can yield.

III.

Full one hundred thousand are trained and
ready,
These sons of old Mars are loyal and steady;
Our volunteer corps extend o'er the land,
Cemented together by friendship's strong band.

IV.

Old Leo again is rous'd and uprear'd,
The army of England by old women fear'd;
Shrunk back at the sight of his monstrous claws,
As visions they vanish'd, thro' fear of his paws.

v.

With safety our corps we now can review,
Whose knowledge of tacticks excell'd is by few ;
We've grenadiers stout,—their accoutrements
grand,
And the corps first promoter upon their right
hand.

vi.

Our Light Bobs like whalebone elastic we
find,
They spring to and fro, as if wafted by wind ;
With skill and attention this company's replete,
If wings do retire, they secure our retreat.

vii.

When orders are given and inward they face,
Like courfers they're fleet,—yet preserve a just
space ;
Divisions when join'd, on a sudden they stop,
Then firing commences with pop, pop, pop, pop.

viii.

A Colonel of ancient title we have,
A Major whose services prove he is brave ;
Led on by true valour, in duty take pride,
Experience and justice we have on our side.

ix.

The bandage of union keep always tight,
To brace it should be each Briton's delight ;
Keep always this fav'rite motto in view,
To your King and your Country ever be true.

SONG 13.

In Praise of Smoaking, June 1799.

Tune, "Bow wow."

WHEN call'd on to sing I seldom make
objection,
A smoaking song I'll sing from my own col-
lection;
The one only thing that smoaking disgraces,
Is boys in their teens with pipes in their faces.

CHORUS.

Smoke then, my friends,
Fill ev'ry pipe, and puff sorrow away.

II.

Some camomile, some salt, will stuff in for
priming,
But connoisseurs only like one sort of lining;
'T he one unexperienc'd make smoaking a labour,
But the skillful enjoy the true Virginia flavour.

III.

Walter Raleigh the great, first smoaking re-
commended,
Then use his prescription since pleasure's with
it blended;
To faint hearts I prescribe, who start at thoughts
of death, firs,
Whilst you can smoke a pipe, you'll never
lose your breath, firs.

IV.

Diseases you'll find by smoaking prevented,
 Here safety with pleasure is closely cemented ;
 As misers, like swine, only serve at their death,
 firs,
 Keep them from your smoak, lest you spin out
 their breath, firs.

V.

The fashion amongst the soldiers of France is,
 To learn the Austrian and Russian new
 dances :
 Tho' some while they dance can smoke France's
 ruin,
 Yet the dance of retreat they are pursuing.

VI.

Whilst we can smoke a pipe, and steer clear
 of faction,
 This spot will not be again the seat of action ;
 By seas this isle is girt, the happiest of nations,
 Protected by tars, and loyal associations.

VII.

Smoke away, my boys, enjoy the fumi-
 gation,
 With pipe, pot, and friend, how happy's my
 station :
 With prudence to steer, we find a smooth
 water,
 Tho' foes burst with rage may Briton's fill with
 laughter.

VIII.

As smoaking is here most strongly recom-
mended,
A dealer, well known, I wish to see befriended ;
He's roll, cut, and shag, each of the choicest
flavour,
And may be had, with songs,—enquire of TYE,
engraver.

CHORUS.

Smoke this, my friends,
Fill ev'ry pipe, and puff sorrow away.

SONG 14.

Called, The Horors of War, 1797.

Tune, "The Merry Roundelay."

WHEN war's destructive din,
Spreads its sound from clime to clime ;
Then death, with horrid grin,
Grapples thousands in their prime :
Here the blooming youth of may,
Shrinks from life's meridian day.

II.

The soldier ever bold,
Quits for duty, native soil ;
In climates hot or cold,
He supports the hardest toil :
Tho' for battle trumpets sound,
Firm he views the foes around.

III.

See those on India's soil,
Fall a victim to disease;
Others on the ocean toil,
Midst rough rocks and boist'rous seas :
Striving hard their bark to save,
To avoid a wat'ry grave.

IV.

All dangers still defy,
Nor let France, our daring foe,
Briton's dearest rights destroy ;
But prevent the threaten'd blow :
Rouse to arms, 'tis freedom's call,
Vict'ry gain, or bravely fall.

V.

Now Freedom's sons unite,
Round their Monarch see them cling ;
All ranks bring forth their mite*,
To support a British King :
Rouse to arms, 'tis freedom's call,
Victory gain, or bravely fall.

* This alludes to the Voluntary Contributions.

SONG 15.

*Called, The Frenchmen's Retreat, or Time works
Wonders. May 1799.*

Tune, "Haste away boys to the mountain"

TO Belzebub, Frenchmen, closely have
stuck.

And long have enjoy'd the devil's own luck ;
Tho' all they have got was gain'd upon strap,
But Austrian bailiffs give them a tap,
And tell them to pay off the old score,
For reckoning day is at hand.

II.

This tale once was told us by Monsieur Puff,
They'd drubb'd ev'ry foe, but now they've
enough ;
For time has of late alter'd the case,
They just shew their front, then right about
face.

In double quick time are their marches,
For baggage they seldom can stay.

III.

For Portugal, Frenchmen seem'd fully bent,
When plunders' the word, they all catch the
scent ;

All eager for prey, like Tygers they run,
But Portugal's tale, and the French are undone.

By thousands they pop off together,
Tho' physick'd and bled ev'ry day.

IV.

The lane of success they've found has a turn,
Whilst there each offer for peace they did
spurn;

At the end of this lane an eagle was plac'd.
Who flew at their leader, and claw'd well his
face.

By thousands they pop off together,
Tho' physick'd and bled ev'ry day.

V.

On the one hand they meet with that veteran
Kray.

The sound of whose name carries with it dismay;
On the other they fail not to meet with re-
buke,

From that gallant commander the Austrian's
Archduke.

By thousands, &c.

VI.

Their rashness and folly too late they can
smoke,

Old England's allies have now thrown off the
cloak;

Be gar we'r undone, Monsieurs all declare,
De devil himself's in that great Russian bear.

By thousands, &c.

VII.

The rich cream of plunder once kept their
 craws full,
 But striving for more is like strapping a bull;
 Their stomachs grow sick at the sight of Su-
 warrow,
 He's chill'd all their blood, and dried up their
 marrow.

By thousands they pop off together,
 Tho' physick'd and bled ev'ry day.

VIII.

This Russian physician, with Frenchmen
 keeps close,
 But they dread his prescriptions, so nautious the
 dose;
 When disloyalty's blood is purg'd from each
 vein,
 Then Louis the eighteenth a monarch may
 reign,
 And Loyalty sing O be joyful,
 May thus end the present campaign.

SONG 15.

*Called, Reynard outwitted, or Loyalty has won
 the Main, July, 1798.*

Tune, "Nancy Dawson".

A Lock'd jaw bill did lately pass,
 So call'd by a disaffected class,
 Because they can't herd in a mass
 With those like Napper Tandy;

The Vultures' Reynard says devour
 The royal grapes which he calls sour,
 Could he once get them in his power,
 They'd be like sugar-candy.

II.

The Fox well known's crafty and sly,
 By daylight he is always shy,
 At night his brush he carries high,
 He then becomes a rover ;
 Near Windsor he was wont to stray,
 In hopes to get the choicest prey,
 But found a Pit right in his way,
 He never could get over.

III.

This Pit gives pain to Reynard's side,
 To cross it oft and oft he's try'd,
 'Tis freedom's King and Briton's pride,
 See George this Pit admiring ;
 He says its springs' with honor chain'd,
 That Briton's rights it has maintain'd,
 The foes that strove to have it drain'd
 Are from it now retiring.

IV.

Old Reynard's fable tale won't do,
 Each loyal cock his views sees through,
 The dunghill sort he weeded too,
 Are all deceiv'd by Charley ;
 For George's cocks, well arm'd with steel,
 Have made the dunghill breed to reel,
 Humility they seem to feel,
 Yet long for George's barley.

V.

Our fav'rite cock will ne'er give out,
 'Till peace with honors' brought about.
 His weight tho' light, we've proof he's stout,
 By foes he was surrounded ;
 A foreign and domestic breed,
 Strove hard to drive him from his feed,
 Of every foe he has took heed,
 And all their plans confounded.

VI.

A spurious sort, once dar'd to stalk,
 And strive to gain the royal walk,
 But one choice cock their plan did baulk,
 And all their beaks he muzz'd ;
 They're now so weak they cannot crow,
 Their colour too they dare not shew,
 The loyal associated blow
 Has bastard cocks uncoupl'd.

 SONG 17.

Tune, " 'Tis enough if I please you to-night." July 1797.

WHEN kingdoms wage war 'gainst each
 other,
 A phantom for substance is gain'd :
 While fears prepossess every mother,
 See the sources of industry drain'd :
 The soldier is led into battle,
 Where balls swift as light'ning do fly ;
 The trumpets and drums loud may rattle,
 While groaning the wounded may lie :

O'er scenes of distress draw a curtain,
Fair friendship's soft bands to unite ;
Though fortune is ever uncertain,
Let's strive to be merry to-night.

II.

Mankind should in every station,
Contentment's smoth way strive to find ;
Though burdens press hard on the nation,
To prejudice ever be blind :
Ev'ry mortal we know has his failing,
The subject, the statesman, and King ;
At another's vice cease to be railing,
Our own faults to mend is the thing :
Tho' gloomy the scenes' that surround us,
The prospect may soon become bright ;
Tho' care strives hard to confound us,
We'll strive to be merry to-night.

III.

To fret or despair is a folly,
'Tis a rock we should strive to avoid ;
To oblivion then doom melancholy,
Let mirth and good-humour preside :
May discord from Briton's be banish'd,
And peace be secur'd in her place ;
When the spirit of party is vanish'd,
Contentment will glow in each face :
To serve Briton's King be found ready,
For freedom's own island we'll fight ;
With prudence and friendship march steady,
Yet strive to be merry to-night.

SONG 18.

Called, The Jacobin's Dose, Sept. 1797.

Tune, "Jingling Johnny."

A Foreign and internal foe,
Alike combine to rule our nation ;
Who strive our laws to overthrow,
And force good order from her station :
Tho' one may threat, the other grumble,
On disappointment both will stumble.

II.

Unlike the pilot now of France,
We steer our course from revolution ;
To the tune of plunder Frenchmen dance,
And fill their craws by contribution :
To make their great guns, record tells you,
They've plunder'd steeples for their bells too.

III.

Should they for plunder hither come,
Their rashness soon would be requited ;
Our volunteers' at call of drum,
Would haste to see their country righted :
We'll boldly make the first advances,
And try our skill with bayonet lances.

IV.

To ridicule we are grown deaf,
This springs from none but disaffected ;
Whose case is nearly past relief,
They look so ghastly and dejected :
But we can cure the most disloyal,
With a dose from a musket viol.

V.

This remedy is not apply'd,
 Except in very dangerous cases ;
 It's efficacy can't be denied,
 Tho' it distort's the patients' faces :
 It's power acts quick, 'tis strong and urging,
 It thins the blood by means of purging.

VI.

May Briton's once more feel content,
 In high, in low, and middle station ;
 May peace and friendship soon cement,
 And crown with wealth the British nation :
 Thro' life lets act as friend or brother,
 Nor strive to jostle hence each other.

 S O N G 19.

*In honour of his Majesty's Birth Day, 1798, and
 the presentation of the Colours to the Birmingham
 Loyal Associations.*

Tune, " England will be England still, &c."

LONG life to George, Great Briton's King,
 May he in peace soon reign ;
 His praises let each Briton sing,
 His rights' we'll still maintain :
 Ye Briton's bold, all fear repress,
 When danger's nigh at hand ;
 The British fair will him caress,
 That guards his native land.

II.

On June the fourth, that happy morn,
Associations join'd ;
And Kinsey* did the fight adorn,
His troops with our's combin'd :
Here beauty's standard was display'd,
Each face a smile did bring ;
Three cheers we gave, (each voice obey'd)
To George our Sov'reign King.

III.

Our colours wrought by skill and care,
Was pleasing here to view ;
Encircled by the charming fair,
To them be ever true :
Whilst we our standard do protect,
Great Briton's rights we guard ;
When each surrounding foe is check'd,
Fair peace will us reward.

IV.

Each sing'le reed by ev'ry blast,
Is forc'd it's head to bend ;
United bound, tho' storms may last,
Can with it's force contend :
So we like reeds in strength abound,
While thus united be ;
Tho' some powers are fetter-bound,
Still Briton's shall be free.

* This alludes to the Royals, then in town, acting with the Birmingham Light Horse and Infantry.

SONG 20.

Tune, "As through the grove, &c." Nov. 1798.

OF all the days throughout the year,
 Save one that's in December;
 The most eventful will appear,
 The fifth day of November:
 Then Catesby and a Piercy plann'd,
 Destruction to the nation:
 But Providence with unseen hand,
 Caus'd England's preservation.

II.

To murder King and Parliament,
 Whilst in the house assembl'd;
 It was these miscreant's firm intent,
 Nor at the idea trembl'd:
 Destruction then her point to gain,
 Had powder there conceal'd;
 The moment Fawkes had laid the train,
 The plot was all revealed.

III.

This evil dæmon Fawkes was seiz'd,
 Whose neck soon grac'd a halter;
 Though he for courage had been prais'd,
 His courage here did faulter:
 A gallows was his picture frame,
 Until his dissolution;
 May each man's fate be just the same,
 That aids a revolution.

IV.

November 'twas when Norman's Duke,
 Since King, at Suffex landed ;
 Tho' he there met with some rebuke,
 His troops on shore he landed :
 King Harrold to oppose him went,
 His army too attended ;
 Tho' Harrold dy'd, the men of Kent,
 Their legal rights defended.

V.

Like men of Kent, may each man fight
 For King and Constitution ;
 Like Harrold strive with all his might,
 Against a revolution :
 Let Briton's minds from henceforth be,
 In friendship's bands cemented ;
 That through life's journey each with glee,
 May travel well contented.

 SONG 21.

Tune, " Be quick for I'm in haste." Feb. 1799.

AS time jogs on, this truth we find,
 Tho' fortune's wheel turns round ;
 The dame to merit oft is blind,
 Whilst knaves are fav'rites found :
 A fav'rite knave has fleec'd the Pope,
 To whom the great sloop'd low ;
 His case was like the forlorn hope,
 When Rome receiv'd the foe.

II.

Tho' now expos'd to adverse winds,
First caus'd by Frenchmen's chief ;
He still this secret pleasure finds,
His spoiler needs relief :
On Egypt's shore this haughty foe,
Feels disappointment's smart ;
As he to others dealt out woe,
'Tis dealt to Buonaparte.

III.

Vindictive foes again spring up,
To poison ev'ry bliss ;
They've carry'd out deaths' bitter cup,
And drench'd the honest Swiss :
Still plunder is their fav'rite trade,
Remorse has lost her sting ;
A royal captive they have made,
Sardinia's hapless King.

IV.

The host of heathen's still advance,
To God devoid of fear ;
Though justice sleeps as in a trance,
Religion drops a tear :
Beneath their yoke Italian's groan,
Whilst Naple's King they quest ;
From here the royal bird is flown,
To Nelson's floating nest.

V.

The foe to King's may still rush on,
 And grasp at foreign lands;
 But Briton's still secure upon
 Their own firm bottom stands:
 Britannia's isle firm as a rock,
 Stands envy's keenest blast;
 'Twill prove to foes a stumbling-block,
 As long as time shall last.

VI.

To guard this isle we've wooden walls,
 That keep us safe in tow;
 Their thund'ring sound when danger calls,
 Strikes terror to each foe:
 Brave British tars have prov'd their might,
 Like them undaunted be;
 With shields like these, if we unite,
 We Briton's shall be free.

 S O N G 22.

Tune, "To George the Third let Briton's sing."

RETURN sweet peace, benignant smile,
 Return and greet Great Briton's isle;
 Thy soothing, soft, and plaintive sound,
 Wou'd make all hearts with joy rebound;
 O, come, and cheer the suppliant crowd,
 Nor longer stay behind a cloud.

II.

At thy return shall commerce smile,
 And wealth then croud this favor'd isle ;
 The frown-fraught brow, and scornful eye,
 Shall then exchange for mirth and joy ;
 Grant we these blessings soon may find,
 A peace, and Briton's of one mind.

 SONG 23.

Called, Briton's Allies Triumphant.

Tune, " And tho' all Europe bend the knee, &c."

BEHOLD once more Britannia's foe,
 Shrink from our good allies :
 Whilst Gallic cocks sink down below,
 The powerful eagles rise :
 The hawk strikes terror to the sparrow,
 From him the warblers flee ;
 So Frenchmen dread the brave Suwarrow,
 To him they bend the knee.

II.

Our freeborn King, and great allies,
 In unity they steer ;
 For vict'ry each undaunted tries,
 While Frenchmen run thro' fear :
 Now justice heads the monarch's cause,
 To try religion's foe ;
 The haughty French who spurn'd her laws,
 To justice now stoops low.

III.

'Twas Austria's gallant Duke, first turn'd
 Our foe from vict'ry's side ;
 All thoughts of fear he bravely spurn'd,
 All dangers he defy'd :
 Their adverse fortune Frenchmen rue,
 Their source of plunder's drain'd ;
 Alexandria and strong Mantua too,
 Our brave allies have gain'd.

IV.

The British Lions' rous'd once more,
 With claws extended wide ;
 He bids the thund'ring cannon roar,
 And faction to subside :
 Or vengeance shall o'er take each foe ;
 In Holland, France, and Spain,
 In spite of all the world shall know,
 Britannia rules the main.

 SONG 24.

*Called, The secret Expedition, or Resignation of
 the Dutch Fleet.*

Tune, " Adieu ! adieu ! my only life."

A GAIN survey fam'd Briton's bold,
 In search of warlike glory ;
 And hist'ry's latest page unfold,
 To read the vet'ran's story :

The secret Expedition plann'd,
 They court the cannon's rattle ;
 They dauntless quit their native land,
 To serve their Country and their King :
 While they embark a thousand orison's ascend,
 To heaven the tender prayer's put there ;
 To call a guard for Briton's friend,
 Who fight's his country's battle.

II.

Whilst foaming billows round them rise,
 At midnight's gloomy hour ;
 Tho' darkness too pervades the skies,
 Still firm's the army's flower :
 Propitious, mild, and friendly morn,
 Soon caus'd the cannon's rattle ;
 When Sol had cheer'd the early dawn,
 Our troops at Helder Point gain'd land :
 Prepar'd in line they soon descri'd the British
 foe,
 At six the firing first began ;
 At four was felt decision's blow,
 Then victory crown'd the battle.

III.

Tune, " Old Homer."

From batt'ries at Texel harbour they run,
 Exposing their fleet after spiking each gun ;
 Then Mitchell gain'd trophies to send to his
 King,
 But the Story sent with them proves he's the
 thing.

IV.

This Story from Duncan beat a retreat,
And left Holland's Winter to meet with defeat;
But now the Dutch Story and fleet is derang'd,
For Mitchell their billets and quarters has chang'd.

V.

Vantromp, (so strong was their fleet in
his day)
Sail'd out with a broom to sweep clean the sea;
But time and misfortune has brought this about,
Their navy is lost, and the broom is worn out.

VI.

Fresh laurel's again encircle the crown.
And faction before truth and justice falls down;
Since soldiers and tars to their country cling,
Toast army and navy, with God save the King.

FINIS.



Birmingham, Printed, by E. Jones, Bull-street.

feat;
g'd.
ng'd.

in

fea;
out,
t.

vn;
g,
ng.